

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)
(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Yes, I'm jealous!" answered Hooker harshly. "Jealous as the devil! And I want you to keep that promise, son!"

"Aw, bud—buddy! Don't be so jealous!" began Don Lancy in a friendly way. "Perhaps he was really jealous, or perhaps he only said so to have his way, but Phil saw that he was in earnest, and he went quietly by his side."

But love had set his brain in a whirl, and he thought no more of his promise—only of some subtler way of meeting his fiancée, some way which Bud would fail to see.

CHAPTER XIII.

For sixty days and more, while the weather had been turning from cold to warm and they had been laboring feebly to clear away the great slide of loose rock that covered up the ledge, the Eagle Tail mine had remained a mystery.

Whether, like the old Eagle Tail of frontier fame, it was so rich that only the eagle's head was needed to turn the chunks into twenty-dollar gold pieces; or whether, like many other frontier mines, it was nothing but a hole in the ground, was a matter still to be settled. And Bud, for one, was determined to settle it quickly.

"Come on," he said, as Phil hesitated to open up the way to the lead; "we got a month, maybe less, to get to the bottom of this; and then the hills will be lousy with rebels. If they're nothing here, we want to find out about it quick and skip—and if we strike it, by grab, they ain't enough red-fingers in Sonora to pry me loose from it. So show these humpbacks where to work and we'll be up against rock by the end of the week."

The original Eagle Tail tunnel had been driven into the side of a steep hill; so steep, in fact, that the loose shale stretched in long shoots from the base of the frowning porphyry dikes that crowned the tops of the hills to the bottom of the canyon. On either side of the discovery gulch sharp ridges, perforated by the gopher-holes of the Mexicans and the ancient workings of the Spaniards, ran directly up the hill to meet the contact. But it was against the face of the big ridge itself that Kruger had driven his drift and exploded his giant blast of dynamite, and the whole slope had been altered and covered with a slide of rock.

Against this slide, in the days when they were marking time, Bud and his partner had directed their energies, throwing the loose stones aside, building up walls against the slip, and clearing the way to the solid schist. There, somewhere beneath the jumble of powder-riven rock, lay the ledge which, if they found it, would make them rich; and no, with single-jack and drill, they attacked the last huge fragments, blasting them into pieces and groveling deeper until they could strike the contact, where the schist and porphyry met and the gold spray had spewed up between.

It was slow work, slower than they had thought, and the gang of Mexicans that they had hired for muckers were marvels of ineptitude. Left to themselves, they accomplished nothing, since each problem they encountered seemed to present to them some element of insuperable difficulty, to solve which they either went into rancor or waited for the boss. Meanwhile they kept themselves awake by smoking cigarettes and telling stories about Bernardo Bravo.

To the Mexicans of Sonora Bernardo Bravo was the personification of all the malevolent qualities—he being a bandit chief who had turned first general and then rebel under Madros—and the fact that he had at last been driven out of Chihuahua and therefore over into Sonora, made his malevolence all the more imminent.

Undoubtedly, somewhere over to the east, where the Sierras towered like a blue wall, Bernardo and his outlaw followers were gathering for a raid, and the raid would bring death to Sonora.

He was a bad man, this Bernardo Bravo, and if half of the current stories were true, he killed men whenever they failed to give him money, and was never too hurried to take a fair daughter of the country up behind him, provided she took his fancy.

Yes, surely he was a bad man—but that did not clear away the rock.

For the first week Phil took charge of the gang, urging, directing and cajoling them, and the work went meretriciously on, though rather slowly. The Mexicans liked to work for Don Felipe, he was so polite and spoke such good Spanish; but at the end of the week it developed that Bud could get more results out of them.

Every time Phil started to explain anything to one Mexican all the others stopped to listen to him, and then

took time. But Bud's favorite way of directing a man was by grunts and signs and bending his own back to the task. Also, he refused to understand Spanish, and cut off all long-winded explanations and suggestions by an impatient motion to go to work, which the trabajadores obeyed with shrugs and grins.

So Don Felipe turned powder-man and blacksmith, sharpening up the drills at the little forge they had fashioned and loading the holes with dynamite when it became necessary to break a rock, while Bud bossed the unwilling Mexicans.

In an old tunnel behind their tent they set a heavy gate, and behind it they stored their precious powder. Then came the portable forge and the blacksmith shop, just inside the mouth of the cave, and the tent backed up against it for protection. For if there is any one thing, next to horses, that the rebels are wont to steal, it is giant powder to blow up culverts with, or to lay on the counters of tinorous country merchants and frighten them into making contributions.

As for their horses, Bud kept them belted and hobbled, close to the house, and no one ever saw him without his gun. In the morning, when he got up, he took it from under his pillow and hung it on his belt, and there it stayed until bedtime.

He also kept a sharp watch on the trail, above and below, and what if men did pass through were conscious of his eye. Therefore it was all the more surprising when, one day, looking up suddenly from heaving at a great rock, he saw the big Yaqui soldier, Amigo, gazing down at him from the cut bank.

Yes, it was the same man, but with a difference—his rifle and cartridge-belts were absent and his clothes were torn by the brush. But the same good-natured, competent smile was there, and after a few words with Bud he leaped nimbly down the bank and laid hold upon the rock. They pulled together, and the boulder that had balked Bud's gang of Mexicans moved easily for the two of them.

Then Amigo seized a crowbar and slipped it into a crack and showed them a few things about moving rocks. For half an hour or more he worked along, seemingly bent on displaying his skill, then he sat down on the bank and watched the Mexicans with tolerant, half-amused eyes.

If he was hungry he showed it only by the cigarettes he smoked, and Hooker, studying up the chances he would take by hiring a deserter, let him wait until he came to a decision.

"Oyes, Amigo," he hailed at last, and, rubbing his hand around on his stomach, he smiled questioningly, whereat the Yaqui nodded his head assent.

"Stawano!" said Hooker, "ven." And he left his Mexicans to dawdle as they would while he led the Indian to camp. There he showed him the coffee-pot and the kettle of beans by the fire, set out a slab of Dutch-oven bread and a sack of jerked beef, some stewed fruit and a can of sirup, and left him to do his worst.

In the course of half an hour or so he came back and found the Yaqui sipping up sirup with the last of the bread and humming a little tune. So they sat down and smoked a cigarette and came to the business at hand.

"Where you go?" inquired Bud, but Amigo only shrugged contemptuously.

"You like to work?" continued Bud, and the Indian broke into a smile of assent.

"My bien," said Hooker with finality; "I give Mexicans two dollars a day—I give you four. Is that enough?"

"Si!" nodded the Yaqui, and without more words he followed Bud back to the cut. There, in half a day, he accomplished more than all the Mexicans put together, leaping boldly up the bank to dislodge hanging boulders, boosting them by main strength up onto the ramshackle tram they had constructed, and trundling them out to the dump with the shove of a mighty hand.

He was a willing worker, using his head every minute; but though he was



Bud Was Doing the Blacksmithing.

such a hustler and made their puny efforts seem so ineffectual by comparison, he managed in some mysterious way to gain the immediate approval of the Mexicans. Perhaps it was his all-pervasive good nature, or the respect which had made him a picked man among his brother Yaquis. But when, late in the afternoon, Bud came back from a trip to the tent he found Amigo in charge of the gang, heaving and straggling and making motions with his head.

(Continued Monday Afternoon.)

Planning for the Stork's Arrival



Among those things which all women should know of, and many of them do, is a splendid external application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." It is a penetrating liquid and many a mother tells how it so wonderfully aided them through the period of expectancy. Its chief purpose is to render the tendons, ligaments and muscles so pliant that nature's expansion may be accomplished without the intense strain so often characteristic of the period of expectancy.

"Mother's Friend" may therefore be considered as indirectly having a splendid influence upon the early disposition of the future child.

Whatever induces to the ease and comfort of the mother should leave its impress upon the nervous system of the baby.

At any rate it is reasonable to believe that "Mother's Friend" has been a companion to motherhood for more than half a century. It must be a remedy that women have learned the great value of.

Ask at any drug store for "Mother's Friend," a penetrating, external liquid of great help and value. And write to Headfield Regulator Co., 402 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book of useful and timely information.

Additional Society News

(Continued from Page Five.)

Kansas, and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Hunt, for several days before returning to her home.

Dr. Mendel Silber, formerly rabbi at Temple Albert but now rabbi of the Gates of Prayer temple at New Orleans, has arrived in Albuquerque to conduct the Bernalillo County Teachers' Institute, which is being held in the Central school.

Mrs. R. Forte and son returned from California the first of the week and left for the Pecos to join Mrs. Forte's mother, Mrs. Florida Lightbourne.

Mrs. Felix Lester and her daughter, Lorna, will spend the summer at the Pecos and at the Metcalf ranch at Teague.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bradford moved Friday from 513 West Gold avenue to 613 West Silver avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews have gone to Camp Whitecomb for two weeks.

Will H. Moran, brother of Mrs. O. N. Moran, spent Friday in this city on his way from Kelly, N. M., to Berkeley, Cal., to visit his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Nordhaus and children have left for their summer home near Santa Fe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hild and daughters, Beatrice and Ruth, expect to spend the summer at Trout Springs, near Las Vegas, where they have a summer home.

Miss Ruth Williams, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. M. Williams, has returned to Berkeley, Cal., to resume her studies at the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butt, who were married recently in Redlands, Mo., arrived in Albuquerque Friday and will make their home here. Mr. Butt is president of the Butt Drug company.

Among the passengers listed on the Princess Irene of the North German Lloyd, sailing from New York June 17th are Miss Marietta Vail and Mr. Giovanni Giacometti of Albuquerque, who are going to Italy to spend the summer with relatives.

Mrs. W. L. Hawkins and daughter, Hazel, left Thursday for Slater, Mo., to spend the summer visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. A. Skinner is enjoying a visit from Mrs. T. Scott, who stopped here a few days en route from California, where she has been for the

FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

By Being Constantly Supplied With Theford's Black-Draught.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several years," says Mrs. J. B. Whitaker, of this place, "with sick headache, and stomach trouble."

Ten years ago a friend told me to try Theford's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medicine for young and old.

I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel a little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried.

We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced using Black-Draught.

Theford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomachs, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, nausea, headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It has been in constant use for more than 70 years, and has benefited more than a million people.

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package today.

past few months, to her home in Kansas.

Miss Sophia Yimarr returned Friday evening from Los Angeles, where she has attended the Girls' Collegiate during the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson Newell have returned from a two-weeks' motor trip through the Jemez.

Rev. Herman P. Williams and Mrs. Williams are leaving soon to spend several weeks in the mountains.

COLOMBO SOCIETY BAILS.

The well known Italian society of Christopher Columbus, "Associazione Italiana C. Colombo," announces that its annual ball will be given this year in Colombo hall, Friday night, June 26th, beginning at 8.30 o'clock, when the grand march will be started to music by the Rooster orchestra. This is the thirty-fourth annual ball of this society and every one of the thirty-four has been successful in every way. The society's committee leaves nothing undone which will make for the pleasure of their guests, and the affairs are looked forward to with great interest by all who are fond of dancing.

MOOSE OFFICERS ENTERTAIN MEMBERS

The officers of Moose Lodge No. 842 entertained the Moose members at a social on Tuesday evening last. The following musical program, directed by Prof. Easton-Jenner, was enthusiastically received:

Violin solo—(a) Martha; (b) Watch on the Rhine; Master Paul Schaeffer.
Piano solo—H. Bacio; Arditi.
Violin solo—Venetia; Lowthian.
Mr. James E. Holland.
Vocal solo—Stein Song; Bullard.
Violin solo—German Lieder; Mr. James E. Holland.

Following the musical program an appetizing lunch was served, being much enjoyed by the large crowd. It was the "week end hours" before the last song was sung and the lights went out.

New Books at the Public Library

MARKS OF LITERATURE

A. E. Bostwick.
The things which make good books are here made clear and interesting for popular reading by the historian of the St. Louis public library, who has gathered and grouped together many things that are herein discussed in readable and compact form.

Opening with a chapter on the nature of literature, studies of the grammatical form, elements, appropriate use, and character of style follow. The structure, appreciation, preservation, and ownership of literature are each given a proper place and mention. The makers of literature are discussed, and other important features of the subject are admirably treated.

FOURTY YEARS OF IT.

Brand Whitlock.
This volume is in a sense a history of the progress of democracy in the middle west. It is the story of an unusually vigorous and mentally alert young man who has been identified with good government for many years. In the recounting of his own reminiscences Mr. Whitlock brings us into close acquaintance with many notable figures in our political history—Governor Altgeld, Tom Johnson, Golden Rule Jones, and others of their type. And in the telling of these men and their ideas and ideals, and of himself as a continuator of their work, he illuminates that spirit in human nature which works for democracy. Few reminiscences have the virility, optimism and strong human appeal of Mr. Whitlock's.

VACATION CAMPING FOR GIRLS.

Joanette Marks.
An excellent handbook for the outdoor girl, showing in detail how to prepare for camping and how thoroughly to enjoy the freedom of woods and lake. It tells where to camp, how to build camp-fires, how to guard against forest fires; it gives information regarding the fitting up of the camp, tells where to buy things and what they cost; it devotes several chapters to physical training out of doors, the formation of camp habits, cleanliness, the secrets of the woods and in general tells how to enjoy camp life.

The Churches

Christian Science Society.
Christian Science services are held in the Woman's Club building, at the corner of Seventh street and Gold avenue, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Wednesday evening services are at 8 o'clock.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.
Sunday school at 9:45 o'clock.
Reading room in the N. T. Armory building, room No. 14, open each week day from 2 to 5 p. m.

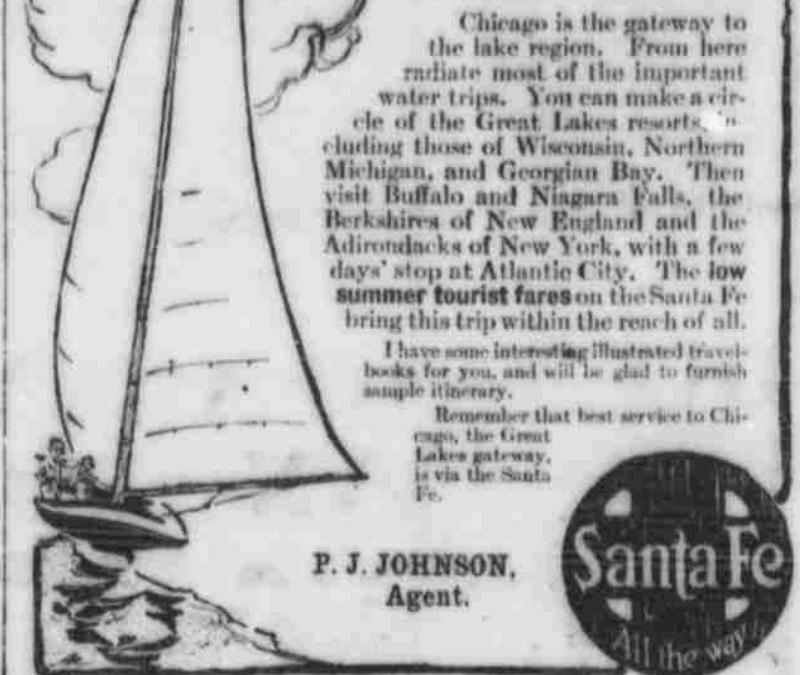
St. John's Church.
Corner Fourth and West Silver avenue; Archdeacon W. E. Warren, rector; residence, 1309 West Teller avenue.

Second Sunday after Trinity.
Holy communion, 7 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; teachers' training class, 7:45 p. m.

Musical.
Processional: "Lord, with Glowing Heart I Praise Thee"—H. Redhead.
Venite—W. Russell.
Gloria—G. J. Elvey.
Te Deum—J. G. J. Goss.
Jubilate Deo—T. S. Dupuis.
Introit Hymn: "Thou Eternal Bow."
Offertory: "St. John Damascene."
Forth to War—St. Anne.
Recessional: "Joy Fill Our Hearts."
Heart's Today—Gaudete.

St. Paul's Evang. Lutheran.
Corner Silver and Sixth.
Edward P. Schaefer, D. D., pastor.
Parsonage, 306 South Sixth. Phone 1623.
Our Sunday school attendance was

Summer by the Great Lakes



Chicago is the gateway to the lake region. From here radiate most of the important water trips. You can make a circle of the Great Lakes resorts, including those of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, and Georgian Bay. Then visit Buffalo and Niagara Falls, the Berkshires of New England and the Adirondacks of New York, with a few days' stop at Atlantic City. The low summer tourist fares on the Santa Fe bring this trip within the reach of all.

I have some interesting illustrated travel-books for you, and will be glad to furnish sample literature.

Remember that best service to Chicago, the Great Lakes gateway, is via the Santa Fe.

P. J. JOHNSON, Agent.



A BANK

To gain the confidence of the people and increase its business, must have for officers and directors business men of integrity, active in conducting its affairs.

Must be accommodating and safe.

Must treat all depositors with equal courtesy.

This bank justly claims all of these essentials and invites your account.

State National Bank
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Free Lots; See Moore Co.'s Ad.

Try The Evening Herald's Want Ads. They Get Results

Uncle Sam Knows Good Roofing

The United States Government does not buy an article because someone SAYS it is good.

It is subject to all known tests, and must "make good" in every way.

PAROID ROOFING "make good" wherever used and that is why the U. S. Government has bought such large quantities of it.

Not only for Alaska, but for Cuba and the Philippines, where a roofing must be of the highest quality to stand the extreme heat. Any roofing manufacture can try to imitate PAROID by using "OID" on their name, but you want PAROID.

Sold in Albuquerque by

BALDRIDGE LUMBER CO.

BUILDERS SUPPLIES—SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINT

Phone 402

First and Coal